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VOLUME 101. [DAILY EDITION] HALIFAX, N. S., MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1913. No. 217.

Bright and Early This (Monday) Morning This Big Event Started.

At 9 A. M. the Doors Were Opened on the Season's Best Bargains.

Great Savings Will Be Made Here

Bargains Will Affect Every Department—The Entire Stock is Marked Down.

Everything Will Be Put On the Low Price Block and Cut Deep.

Ladies' $7.50 Raincoats for $5.75

Ladies' Raincoats, made of silk finished mercerized cloth, guaranteed waterproof sewn seams and perfectly tailored finish. Regular $7.50. Sale Price, - - - - - - - $5.75

5-Inch Taffeta Ribbon, 12c. yd.

Thousands of yards heavy quality all Silk Taffeta Ribbon, full 5 inches wide. In any wanted shade. Sale Price, yard, - - - .12

15c. English Flannelette for 10c. yard

Thousands of yards of English Striped Flannelette, full 34 to 36 inches wide, light and dark colorings. Good heavy weight. Regular value, 15c. yard. Sale Price, - - - - - .10

Cretonnes and Art Muslins

25c. Cretonnes and Muslins. Sale Price, yard, 18c.
20c. Cretonnes and Muslins. Sale Price, yard, 15c.
15c. Cretonnes and Muslins. Sale Price, yard, 10c.

75c. Men's Working Shirts, 39c.

10 dozen, only, Men's Working Shirts, made of heavy Oxford shirting or English flannelette. Regular 75c. Sale Price, 39c.

25c. Taffeline Dress Lining, 18c.

Taffeline Dress Lining (or, as some call it, near silk), 36 inches wide. All shades, including black. Regular 25c. Sale Price, per yard, 18c.

$1.25 Black Dress Silk, 89c.

150 yards Black Dress Silk, full yard wide; guaranteed by us, every yard bearing our own name on the selvage. Regular $1.25 value for 89c.

Plain Colored and Fancy Silks, 25c.

Collection of odd lots of Plain and Fancy Silks. Regular prices, 50c., 75c., $1.00 yard. Sale Price, 25c.

All Our Fall & Winter Coats at One-Fifth Off.

Your one best opportunity to get that snug and stylish coat you have been promising yourself, and just think—One-Fifth off the price of a crisp new 1913 Fall and Winter Model Coat. The materials and styles are what Paris has decreed "the thing." Regular prices, $10.50 to $28.75. Sale price, 20 P. C. OFF.

Your choice of the whole stock.

$18.00 Tailored Suits for Ladies, at $12.50

All the bright new Suits, smartly tailored garments from the needle of expert tailors. Just placed into stock the past two weeks. Plain cloths, tweeds and serges. Regular $18.50. Your choice at the Big Sale, - - - - - $12.50

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(M. SCANLAN & SON, LTD.)
Duke Street, - - Halifax

Print Cotton, 5c. yard

10 pieces Colored Print Cotton, odd lot. Worth very much more than Sale Price. Price, per yard, - - - - - - - - .5

15c. Scotch Ginghams, 8 1-2c. yd.

200 pieces Scotch Ginghams—Plaids, checks, stripes. Regular 12c. and 15c. yard. Sale Price, yard, - - - - - - - .8 1-2

$1.25 yd. Venetian Cloth, 89c.

Venetian Cloth, full 54 inches wide, all wool and thoroughly shrunk. Shades: navy, cardinal and black. Regular $1.25. Sale price, yard, .89

60c. Venetian Cloth, 47c. yd.

Venetian Cloth, 42 inches wide, all shades. Regular 60c. Sale Price, yard, - - - .47

75c. All Wool Serge, 49c.

All Wool Dress Serge, full 50 inches wide. Shades: navy and black. Regular 75c. Sale price, yard, - - - - - - - .49

35c. Llama Hose at 26c.

50 dozen pairs of Women's Cashmere Hose, llama quality, full fashioned, fall weight. Sizes 8½, 9½ and 10. Regular 35c. pair. Sale Price, 26c.

50c. Dress Cloth for 29c.

15 pieces of Dress Cloth, in plain and fancy. Full weights. Price, per yard, regularly 50c. Sale price, 29c.

Heavier Underwear

CHILDREN'S 35c. WINTER UNDERWEAR FOR 25c.—Children's Winter-weight Knit Vests and Drawers, odd lines. Regular prices, 25c. to 35c. Sale price, per garment, 25c.

WOMEN'S 50c. WINTER UNDERWEAR FOR 29c.—Women's Winter-weight Vests and Drawers, odd lines. Regular prices up to 50c. Sale price, per garment, 29c.

THREE DOORS.

Three doors there are in the temple
When men go up to pray,
And they that wait at the outer gate
May enter by either way.

There are some that pray by asking;
They lie on the Master's breast,
And, shunning, the strife of the lower life,
They utter their cry for rest.

There are some that pray by seeking;
They doubt where their reason fails,
But their mind's despair is the ancient prayer
To touch the print of the nails.

There are some who pray by knocking;
They put their strength to the wheel,
For they have not time for thoughts sublime,
They can only act what they feel.

Father, give each his answer,
Each in his kindred way;
Adapt thy light to his form of night,
And grant him his needy day.

The Barrier.

By REX BEACH.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

She took him by the edges of his coat and drew him to her coaxingly. It may have been partly the spirit of revolt that had been growing in him all day, or it may have been wholly the sense of her there beside him, warm and pleading, but something caused a great wave to surge up through his veins, caused him to take her in his arms, fiercely kissing her upturned face again and again, crying softly, deep down in his throat:

"Yes, yes, yes! You little witch! I'll go anywhere with you! Anywhere! Anywhere!" The impulse was blind and ungovernable, and it grew as his lips met hers, while, strangely enough, she made no resistance, yielding herself quietly till he found her arms wound softly about his neck and her face nestling close to his. Neither of them knew how long they stood thus blended together, but soon he grew conscious of the beating of her heart against his breast as she lay there like a little fluttering bird and felt the throbbing of his own heart swaying him. Her arms, her lips and her whole body clung to his in a sweet surrender, and yet there was nothing immodest or unmaidenly about it, for his strength and ardor had lifted her and drawn her to him as on the sweep of a great wave.

She drew her face free and hid it against his neck, breathing softly and with shy timidity, as if the sound of the words she whispered half frightened her.

"I love you. I love you, Meade."

It may happen that a man will spend months in friendly and charming intimacy with a woman and never feel the violence or tenderness of passion till there comes a psychic moment or a physical touch that suddenly inwraps them like a flame. So it was with Burrell. The sweet burden of this girl in his arms, the sense of her yielding lips, the warmth of her caressing hands, momentarily unleashed a leaping pack of mad desires, and it was she who finally drew herself away to remind him smilingly that he was wasting time.

"My lips will be here when those mines are worked out," she said. "No, no!" And she held him off as he came toward her again, insisting that if they were going they must be off at once and that he could have no more kisses for the present. "But, of course, it is a long trip, and we will have to sit down now and then to rest," she added shyly, at which he vowed that he was far from strong and could not walk but a little way at a time, yet, even so, he declared, the trail would be too short, even though it led to Canada.

"Then get your pack made up," she ordered, "for we must be well up toward the head of Black Bear creek before it grows dark enough to camp."

Swiftly he made his preparations. A madness was upon him now, and he took no pains to check or analyze the reasons for his decision. The thought of her loveliness in his arms once more far up among the perfumed wooded heights as the silent darkness stole upon them stirred in him such a fret to be gone that it was like a fever. He slipped away to the barracks with instructions for his corporal, but was back again in a moment. Finally he took up his burden of blanket and food, then said to her:

"Well, are you ready, little one?"

"Yes, Meade," she answered simply.

"And you are sure you won't regret it?"

"Not while you love me."

He kissed her again before they stepped out on the river trail that wound along the bank.

Two hours later they paused where the foaming waters of Black Bear creek rioted down across a graveled bar and into the silent, sweeping river, standing at the entrance to a wooded, grass grown valley, with rolling hills and domes displayed at its head, while back of them lay the town, six miles away, its low, squat buildings tiny and toylike, but distinctly silhouetted against the evening sky.

"Is it not time to rest?" said the soldier laughingly, yet with a look of yearning in his misty eyes as he took the girlish figure in his arms. But she only smiled up at him and, releasing his hold, led the way into the forest.

CHAPTER V.

A STORY IS BEGUN.

It's fonny t'ing how two brown eyes
Was changin' every'ting—
De cloud she's no more on de sky,
An' wissier's jus' lak spring.
Day mak' my pack so very light,
De trail she's not so long—
I'd walk it forty mile tonight
For hear her sing wan song.
But now I'm busy mak' fortune
For marry on dat girl,
An' if she's tole me yass, dat's soon,
Bonheur! I'm own de worl'!

POLEON DORET sang gayly as the trader came toward him through the open grove of birch, for he was happy this afternoon, and, being much of a dreamer, this fresh enterprise awoke in him a boyish pleasure. Had not this discovery of "No Creek" Lee's been providentially arranged for his own especial benefit? A fool could see that this was a mark of celestial approbation, and none but a fool would question the wisdom of the gods. Had he not watched Necia grow from a slip of thirteen and spoken never a word of his love? Had he not served and guarded her with all the gentle chivalry of an olden knight? Of course! And here was his reward, a gift of wealth to crown his service, all for her.

"Whew," said Gale, slipping out of his pack straps, "the skeeters is bad!"

"You bet your gum boots," said Poleon. "Dey're mos' so t'ick as de summer day kill Johnnie Platt on de Porcupine." Both men wore gauntleted gloves of caribou skin and head harnesses of mosquito netting stretched over globelike frames of thin steel bands, which they slipped on over their hats.

Poleon Doret sang gayly as the trader came toward him.

"Let's see. It was you that found him, wasn't it?" said Gale.

"Sure t'ing! I'm comin' down for grub in my canoe w'en I see dis feller on de bank walkin' lak he's in beeg horry. 'Ba gar,' I say, 'dere's man goin' so fast he'll meet hese't comin' home!' Den he turn roun' an' go tearin' back, wavin' hees arms lak he's callin' me, till he fall down. W'en I paddle close up I don' know 'im no more dan stranger, an' me an' Johnnie Platt is trap togeder wan winter. W'at you t'ink of dat?"

"I saw a fellow killed that way at Holy Cross," interpolated the trader.

"'Hello!' I say. 'W'at's de matter?' An' den I see somet'ing 'bout 'im dat look familiar. Hees face she's all swell' up an' bleedin' lak raw meat." The Frenchman curled his upper lip back from his teeth and shook his head at the remembrance.

"Jesu, dat's 'orrible sight! Dem fly is drive 'im crazee. Hees nose an' ears is look lak holes in beeg red sponge, an' hees eye are close up t'ight."

"He died before you got him in, didn't he?"

"Yes. He was good man too."

"I guess you been purty glad for havin' Necia home again, eh?" ventured Poleon after awhile, unable to avoid any longer the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Yes. I'm glad she's through with her schooling."

"She's gettin' purty beeg gal now."

"That's right."

"By an' by she's goin' marry on some feller—w'at?"

"I suppose so. She ain't the kind to stay single."

"Ha! Dat's right too. Mebbe you don' care if she does get marry, eh?"

"Not if she gets a man that will treat her right."

"Waal, waal! Dere's no trouble 'bout dat," exclaimed Doret fervently. "No man w'at's livin' could treat her bad. She's too good an' too purty for have bad husban'."

"She is, is she?" Gale turned on him with a strange glare in his eyes. "Them's the kind that get the he devils. There's something about a good girl that attracts a bad man, particularly if she's pretty, and it goes double too. The good men get the hellions. A fellow can't get so tough but what he can catch a good woman, and a decent man usually draws a critter that looks like a sled and acts like a timber wolf."

"Necia wouldn't marry on no bad man," said Doret positively.

Neither man had ever spoken thus openly to the other about Necia before, and, although their language was indirect, each knew the other's thought. But there was no time for further talk now, for the others were close upon them. As they came into view Gale exclaimed:

"Well, if Lee hasn't brought Runnion along!"

"Humph!" grunted Doret. "I don' t'ink much of dat feller."

The three new arrivals dropped down upon the moss to rest, for the up trail was heavy. Lee was the first to speak.

"Did you get away without bein' seen?" he asked.

"Sure," answered Gale. "Poleon has been here two hours."

"That's good. I don't want nobody taggin' along."

Runnion volunteered nothing except oaths at the mosquitoes and at his pack straps, which were new and cut him already. As no explanation of his presence was offered, neither the trader nor Doret made any comment then, but it came out later, when the old miner dropped far enough behind the others to render conversation possible.

"You decided to take in another one, eh?" Gale asked Lee.

"It wasn't exactly my doin's," replied the miner. "Stark asked me to let Runnion come 'long, bein' as he had grub staked him, and he seemed so set on it that I ackeressed. You see, it's the first chance I ever had to pay him back for a favor he done me in the Cassiar country. There's plenty of land to go around."

It was Lee's affair, thought the trader, and he might tell whom he liked, so he said no more, but fell to studying the back of the man next in front, who happened to be Stark, observing every move and trick of him and during the frequent pauses making a point of listening and watching him guardedly.

All through the afternoon the five men wound up the valley, following one another's footsteps, emerging from somber thickets of fir to flounder across wide pastures of "nigger heads" that wabbled and wriggled and bowed beneath their feet until, at cost of much effort and profanity, they gained the firmer footing of the forest. At one point Stark, hot and irritable, remarked:

"There must be a shorter cut than this, Lee?"

(To be Continued).

PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION.

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MISS S. WALLACE,
Public Stenographer,
31 Roy Building.
Telephone 2576J.
jy11—tf

R. R. TIME TABLES.

I. C. R. Depart.

Pictou and Sydney Express, daily except Sunday,	7.00 a.m.
Express for Montreal (with connections at Moncton for St. John and Boston) daily,	8.00 "
Ocean Limited, daily,	8.20 "
Truro Accommodation, daily except Sunday,	12.40 p.m.
Maritime Express for Montreal, daily except Sunday,	3.10 "
Suburban for Bedford, daily except Sunday,	5.00 "
Express for Pictou, daily except Sunday,	5.40 "
Express for Truro (daily) Shelburne, New Glasgow, Sydneys, (daily except Sunday) Amherst, Sackville, St. John, (daily except Saturday)	8.45 "
	Arrive.
Mixed Train from Truro (daily except Sunday),	8.40 "
Express—Truro (daily), St. John (daily except Monday); Sydneys (daily except Sunday),	8.55 "
Express from Pictou daily (except Sunday),	11.55 "
Maritime Express (daily except Sunday) from Montreal,	1.30 p.m.
Express from Sydney (except Sunday),	7.50 "
Ocean Limited from Montreal daily,	10.00 "
Express from St. John daily,	10.30 "

D. A. R. Depart.

Express for Yarmouth,	7.30 a.m.
Accommodation for Annapolis, leave Richmond,	8.30 "
Bluenose for Yarmouth,	10.00 "
Express for Middleton (through to Annapolis on Saturday),	2.55 p.m.
	Arrive
Express from Middleton (from Annapolis on Monday's	9.05 a.m.
Bluenose from Yarmouth,	3.00 p.m.
Accommodation from Annapolis,	6.15 p.m.
Express from Yarmouth,	6.45 p.m.

All the above are daily except Sunday.

K. & S. W. RY. Depart.

Express for Yarmouth daily, except Sunday,	7.10 a.m.
Accommodation for Liverpool daily, except Saturday and Sunday,	3.30 p.m.
Express for Liverpool (Saturday only),	2.30 p.m.
	Arrive.
Express from Liverpool (Monday only),	9.15 a.m.
Accommodation from Liverpool daily, except Sunday and Monday,	11.30 a.m.
Express from Yarmouth daily, except Sunday,	6.55 p.m

SUBURBAN SERVICE.

Regular suburban trains stop at all stations. Other trains as below stop at Bedford and Rockingham. Trains run daily except Sunday, unless otherwise mentioned.

DEPART FROM HALIFAX.

Express for Sydney,	7.00 a.m.
Express for Yarmouth,	7.30 "
Accommodation for Annapolis leaves Richmond (flagged at Rocky lake),	8.30 a.m.
Mixed for Truro,	12.40 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	1.30 p.m
Express for Middleton (flagged at Lakeview),	2.55 p.m
Suburban for Bedford,	5.00 "
Express for Pictou,	5.40 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	6.30 "
Express for Truro (stop when signalled at Rockingham and Bedford) daily,	8.45 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	11.15 "

ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Suburban from Windsor Junction,	7.55 a.m
Mixed from Truro,	8.40 "
Express from St. John (stops at Bedford only) daily,	8.55 "
Express from Middleton,	9.05 "
Express from Pictou,	11.55 "
Suburban from Windsor Junction,	3.55 p.m.
Bluenose stops at Bedford and Rockingham if flagged,	4.55 "
Suburban from Bedford,	5.55 "
Accommodation from Annapolis,	6.15 "
Express from Yarmouth (Lakeview Flag Station),	6.43 "
Express from Sydney,	7.50 "
Suburban from Windsor Junction,	9.45 "

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HEAD

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ACHE

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